

Stanford, Ky., September 25, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

JOHNNY WISE is not sailing in pleasant waters in his canvass for governor of Virginia. One of his main points was the denunciation of the people of Danville for what he said was "a premeditated plot to murder innocent negroes for political purposes." When he went to Danville last week to speak, Dr. Temple, a leading politician, called on him at his hotel and addressed him thus: "Mr. Wise, you have denounced the people of Danville as liars and cowards. You were a liar when you made such a charge, and if you will come with me to a room up stairs, I will ascertain whether you are not also a coward. I shall not excite the crowd against you, but the matter will be arranged privately between you and me." Mr. Wise replied, "I am here on business and have no friends, but if you will not press me I think the matter can be arranged as you desire." During his speech that night Wise took pains not to refer to his charges against Danville and it is likely that he will be more particular hereafter in the use of his tongue.

The New York republicans after a two-days session nominated Ira Davenport for governor and Gen. Carr, the present Secretary of State, for Lieutenant Governor. There were eleven persons voted for on the first ballot. Davenport is a bachelor with a "bar" but is not the man it is said to create any enthusiasm. The platform adopted praises the civil service law and demands that it be honestly enforced by the officials and extended to all grades of public service. It declares straight out for protection and asserts that the introduction of free trade would destroy our mills and factories and carry down American wages to the standard of the old world. The paper contains ten planks but the two given are only of general concern.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says: President Cleveland, at all events, is thoroughly honest in his policy to divorce office-holding from politics. Some time ago General Rosecrans, who is now the Register of the United States Treasury, was invited to make speeches in behalf of the democracy in Ohio. He has been compelled to decline the invitation. When President Cleveland returned from his vacation Gen. Rosecrans called upon him to ask if public officers were allowed to take part in political campaigns. It is understood that President Cleveland set his foot down and forbade any such proceeding on the part of any one holding office under his administration, and Rosecrans accordingly sent his declination.

The clique at Frankfort is now trying to make it appear that Judge Durham aspires to be the dispenser of Federal patronage in the State to enable him to win the governorship, upon which he has had his weather eye fixed for some time. It is said that Knott and Blackburn bitterly oppose his aspirations and will do all in their power to prevent his nomination, which leads the *Coryington Commonwealth* to remark: "Judge Durham stands well with the people of Kentucky, and in a contest, such as that suggested, somebody might get hurt. The democracy of Kentucky can stand a lively tussle for Proctor Knott's successor, and possibly a stirring up from the bottom would not hurt the party."

The editor of the *Midway Clipper*, Mr. J. M. Hogue, was thrown from a buggy this week and had his leg broken and Mr. Dan M. Bowmar, editor of the *Versailles Sun* in the same county, was taken to a private sanitarium at Cincinnati, Monday to be treated for a mind trouble, which has effected him more or less since his terrible experience at the great Chicago fire ten years ago. The fraternity all over the State deeply sympathizes with the unfortunate gentlemen and will wish for them a speedy recovery.

GEORGE A. JONES publishes a card in assuming editorial control of the *Louisville Commercial*, in which he says the paper will henceforth be "independent in all things, neutral in nothing." We hope he will succeed better than his predecessors, who, while claiming independence, had a most fearful republican bias. The *Commercial* is and will be a good paper nevertheless, there is no denying that.

A LEADING Indiana paper advocates the retirement from the leadership of the democracy of that State of Hendricks, McDonald and Voorhees and wants their places taken by younger and more progressive members of the party. Two at least of them are pretty fossiliferous.

CERRO GORDO WILLIAMS says he is not a candidate for anything, which is wonderful if true, and that he is for Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, with whom he has been in two wars and knows to be a strong man and a good man, for governor.

THE retirement of Messrs. Young E. Allison and Dan E. O'Sullivan from the *Commercial* will be greatly regretted by the friends of these competent newspaper men. They are too bright lights, however, to remain long under a bushel.

THERE was every indication yesterday that Gov. Hill would be nominated for Governor of New York by the democrats at Saratoga though Flower and Cooper claim to have a show.

GEN. BUELL, it is said, will certainly be appointed Pension Agent of Kentucky. Col. Kelley should have been made to give away to a democrat long before this.

The Jones and Smiths will be tied politically in the next Legislature. There is one of each in both parties.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Five men were drowned in the Kentucky river below Frankfort Tuesday.

—China will demand indemnity for the recent massacre of Chinamen in Wyoming.

—The Louisville races are drawing large crowds and the sport and weather are very fine.

—The State College at Lexington has 183 matriculates, 51 more than at the same time last year.

—Fabel's soap factory boiler, Louisville, exploded and killed Edward Ernest. Damage \$15,000.

—Henry Ballard was stabbed to death by his step-son, Tyler Nally, Tuesday, in Nelson county.

—Ex-Senator McDonald says nine tenths of the Indiana democrats are opposed to the Civil Service law.

—The county of Barren will be asked to subscribe a \$100,000 to the capital stock of the Chesapeake & Nashville.

—The coroner's verdict in the Kentucky Central accident near Lexington is that it was caused by a defective railroad.

—The penalty for selling a cigarette to a boy or girl under 16 years of age in New Hampshire has been made \$20 for each offense.

—The tobacco crop was never better in Bourbon county, and farmers will have to enlarge their barns to hold the crops.

—John Oestermeir, aged 14 years, a rock feeder at Sankey Bros' brick-yard, Pittsburg, fell into a crusher and was ground to pieces.

—The latest estimate on the Indiana township funds foot up a total of \$609,213. Nine trustees have absconded, and it is feared more will follow.

—Samuel Betts, of Lexington, dropped a pistol from his pocket which was discharged by the fall, the ball taking effect in his stomach and killing him.

—James B. Lemon, formerly connected with the Short-line railroad in Louisville was found dead in the streets of Quincy, Fla., with a bullet hole in his head.

—A horse in McCracken county, becoming alarmed at a passing train, trembled for a moment and dropped dead in her tracks. It is an undoubted case of death from fright.

—Five Chinamen implicated in the murder of Daniel Frazier and robbery in Pierce City, Idaho, were taken from jail by citizens Tuesday night and hung to convenient trees.

—Mrs. John Adams, of Lexington, jumped from a morning train near Georgetown under the impression that she had reached the depot and among other injuries she had several ribs broken.

—A Baltimore negro has literally worn two fingers off in many years of shoveling coal. The case is reported by a physician as a curiosity. There is no apparent disease and no inconvenience.

—It is reported in Washington that the Hon. A. M. Kelley is to receive the appointment of Third Assistant Secretary of State, in place of Alvey A. Adee, to be removed. The pay is \$3,500 a year.

—The Treasury Department received for redemption a package of about \$100,000 in United States notes which are badly mutilated and almost beyond recognition. It is said that their owner, an Ohio farmer, had buried the notes in the earth in preference to placing them in a bank.

—Robert Fowler has been found guilty, at Morganfield, of the murder of Miss Lydia Burnett last May. The murder was of a particularly atrocious character, and the verdict was not unexpected. The day for his execution has not yet been fixed.

—The resignation of Dorman B. Eaton, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, is certainly in the hands of the President. This is greatly to Mr. Eaton's credit, and it is to be hoped that the absurd Ohio member, Judge Thoman, will soon follow in the footsteps of the chairman.

—The skeleton of a man nine feet one inch in height is said to be on exhibition at the office of a firm in Thayer, Oregon county, Mo. The skeleton is further said to have been discovered by a party of men who were exploring a cave some three miles in length situated about nine miles from Thayer.

—At a reunion of Gen. Grant's old regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois, held at Neoga, Ill., Wednesday, Col. Fred Grant read a paper written by his father, in which he announced his belief that "we are on the eve of a new era, where there is to be great harmony between the Federals and Confederates."

—The quiet which has ruled in the mountain counties since the Rowan county troubles were apparently settled has been broken in Letcher county, whence comes the rumor that the Jones and Wright factions met last Saturday and renewed hostilities, the result being the killing of Deputy Sheriff Dolph Draughan, Sam Cook, and Sam Francis.

—The Court of Appeals deserves unequal credit for one decision at least. Frank Rankin's life sentence for the cold-blooded murder of Martin Cody is not too light for the offense. If ever a murderer was guilty it was Rankin, and it is like a breath of fresh air to learn that there were no ponderous quibbles upon which he could be acquitted.

—The Bankers' convention at Saratoga resolved: That it is the sense of this convention that the coinage of silver dollars under the compulsory law of 1873 is detrimental to the best interests of the people and dangerous to the welfare of the Government, and that the law should be immediately suspended and remain inoperative until an international agreement of the leading commercial nations shall give substantial assurance as to the future relation of gold and silver as money.

—A dispatch from St. Johns, N. B., tells us the wreck of the Steamer Humacao and the loss of 15 lives.

—Seventeen people were crushed to death in the immense crowd, which attended Christine Nilsson's concert at Stockholm.

—The illicit whisky dealers tried to blow Sam Jones' house up at Carterville, Ga., with dynamite because he went for them in a sermon.

—The much-talked of \$100,000 hotel at Lexington, to be erected on the corner of Broadway and Short street is now a settled fact, as it is claimed the necessary amount has been subscribed.

—The United States steamers *Swarata* and *Yantic*, which have on board \$10,400,000 in silver coin from the sub-treasury at New Orleans, due in Washington Wednesday, have not been heard from since leaving Key West.

—During the tornado at Washington C. H., a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" was blown into a place where it was found by a drunken man. He picked it up and commenced to read, and became interested. He joined the Salvation army, being prompted to do so from reading this book. The man says it has been the cause of his salvation.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Heavy snow and squalls and severe gales are reported from the Catskill Mountains and frost all over the North.

—A heavy frost Wednesday night destroyed everything green in the gardens. No more tomatoes, late corn etc.

—The little negro boy shot a few days ago at Junction City by Wm. Scoggins, also colored, is getting well. Scoggins is yet in jail.

—We, that is some of the people of Boyle county, are slightly crazy on the whisky question. Lewis Falconer was convicted on Tuesday of selling whisky and fined \$60. It was commonly remarked afterwards that if Lewis had been on trial for bank robbery and evidence of the same weight and character had been given for and against the charge he would have been promptly acquitted.

—Miss Vieve Powers who for the past three years has been telegraph operator at this place, has obtained the position of operator in the Senate Chamber at Washington, D. C., and will at once enter upon her duties. Miss Powers is an excellent operator and fully capable of doing the best telegraph work. She is now at the Capital. Her mother, Mrs. Z. M. Powers, will join her in a few days. Mr. F. W. Samuel has returned from Louisville, where he has been engaged in the study of medicine during the summer.

—In the circuit court Jack Barbee, for carrying concealed weapons, was given \$100 fine and 30 days in the work house; R. I. Moore for assault one cent and costs; Sam Farris, petty larceny, 30 days; Thos. Prather, retailing whisky, \$20 and costs. The trial of Cary Smith for malicious shooting was set for the 7th day of term. Judge Owsley was absent Tuesday and Col. R. P. Jacobs was elected special judge. Seven cases vs. Laura Powell for selling whisky continued. Order of arrest to Lincoln for John J. Bright, a prosecuting witness in seven cases, bail of witness fixed at \$25 in each case. Lewis Falconer appeal from Quarterly Court, trial and judgment for \$60 and costs. Grand jury returned the following indictments: Eliza Adams and Mollie Kirtly, receiving stolen goods; Hattie Carter, grand larceny; Amanda Brisco, malicious cutting; Emma Smith grand larceny.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—The farmers report heavy frosts Wednesday night doing some damage to the tobacco crop.

—Rev. J. W. McGarvey has written that he will return here Nov. 10th and deliver his free lecture.

—Rev. Green Clay Smith immersed fourteen persons at the river Thursday morning, the result of his meeting thus far.

—Col. L. F. Hubble and Dr. W. S. O'Neal bought Wednesday of Eld. Jesse Walden his residence on Lexington st. for \$440.

—Some unknown person threw rocks through the windows in *Storment* and *Marrs* stores and through a court-house window Monday night. No arrests as yet.

—At Jno Barnside's sale near here Wednesday hogs sold at \$3.50 and \$4; yearling mules \$60; four acres tobacco at \$150 and 350 acres of land to National Bank at \$50 per acre.

—The Ladies Christian Aid Society will celebrate their eleventh anniversary Saturday evening at the Opera House. The entertainment will consist of the regular open session of the society, a review of its work, and recitations interspersed with music. At the close refreshments will be served. The small admission fee of 25 cts. will be charged.

A Toledo, O., paper publishes a singular story, which, in substance, is that thirteen years ago Thomas Hubbell, a farmer, residing in Monclova township, in that county, was supposed to have died and was buried.

A few years ago his friends received a letter signed in the dead man's name, saying that he was alive and would soon visit them. Recently a second letter of that character was received. This caused an examination of the grave to be made, and the casket was found to be empty. The explanation of the mystery is said to be that the grave was robbed and the body sent to a medical college in Michigan, and that it was then discovered that the man that it was not dead, but his mind being affected by disease he could give no information concerning his friends, and was placed in an asylum, where he subsequently recovered. A brother of the resurrected party has gone to Michigan to investigate the matter. The widow of Hubbell married again seven years ago. The case has excited great interest in the locality of his former home.

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, Aug. 15th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR:—The clouds are making up for lost time now, and the continuous downpour since August began has brought in daily accounts of flooded rivers, below; broken railway embankments; inundated villages and some lives lost. In the mountains the worst results have been confinement to our bungalows, and a few landslides, involving repairs in the shape of more stable embankments, here and there. For the rest the hills are in perfection in their robes of emerald green, studded with gems of many hued dahlias, that flash in beauty like the jewels on a court dress.

Our friendly soldiers have had a change in their arrangements, not so pleasant for some. Those who could not make out a "case" before the Medical Board, have been sent down to their regiments, in the plain; while others have taken their places here who need the recuperating virtue of the mountain air. Our friend Young of the "Suffolks" has gone with the rest. He was too robust to play invalid any longer, having at the last "gymkhana" walked a mile in "heavy marching order," under the 15 minutes allowed—thereby winning a prize of 20 rupees (\$10) for the starkest feat, but sealing his doom as a "convalescent." This morning we received a letter from him from Rorkee—where one wing of his regiment is stationed—bemoaning his sad fate. He quite broke down when he told us good-bye—poor fellow—and it will be a long while I fear, before he has another such agreeable episode in his monotonous barrack life, as his journey at Landour and unrestricted run of "Prospect Point." When we thought that the next thing we might hear of him, would be, a bid upon the ensanguined battle field, or a cry in the hospital, we never could bear to check the familiarity of his frequent visits to our house; and when we saw how content with a happy family circle was so content with a rugged, reckless character, that had never once known what a true "home" was, we felt that it was worth any effort to give a nerver to his forgotten change to the current of his rough life. And now that he is gone and writes back so gratefully, telling us what these months have done for him, we are all the more glad, that we never by a word or act showed him that his visits had ever been at all intrusive.

One evening, a few days before he left for the plain, he told us something of his pitiful history. How at 9 he had run away from his home in London, where father and mother had ruled him with a "rod of iron," and lay down under a hay rick 32 miles out of the great city, at the end of his first day's frightened run; weary, hungry, wretched to cry himself to sleep. And from that time to this his life has been a aimless wandering. Six years on a naval training ship; five years in great London, where the memory of his cheerless childhood life was a strong upon him, that he never returned, even for a visit, to the paternal roof; and six years of the life of a private in the British army, has brought him to strong manhood, with never a softening feature in it from first to last. And when I consider how sheltered was my own childhood, how tenderly I was cared for in a christian home, and how many influences for blessing crowned my life. I am ashamed to think that this man—steady, sober and faithful to the duties of his humble sphere—at 26, has "turned out" better—all things considered—than I had at his age. For he stands firm, with everything against him, first and last; while I often failed with everything in my favor.

These pathetic "annals of the poor" are far more common than we think, and these sound lives, born and bred in wrong and wretchedness, yet coming out conquerors in spite of all, are not rare, if we could only get at the story that we never suspect, until in a moment of social confidence—love begetting trust—the full heart lets out the secret it has hidden for long.

Young's companion and intimate, who is left forlorn by his departure, is of another sort. A brisk, cheery little fellow; plump, active and measuring tremendously round the chest, as lively as a cricket, and with a quick wit in anecdote and repartee, and once a famous runner, until a badly broken leg reduced him perforce to a soberer gait, though still active "on his pins." He enlisted as a drummer at 14 and is but 20 now; steady as a clock; a total abstainer, as Young also is; a proficient in his department—knowing perfectly every drum tap and roll and every tangle call in the complicated repertoire; and the soul of kind obligingness. We are very partial to little Jessup, and he too loves to run round to "Prospect Point" for a cup of tea and an evening chat when not on duty.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

It is stated that in the next Congress an effort will be made to do away with the sunset guns now fired at all posts in the country. When the United States army is compelled to retire without knowing when the sun sets, we may well echo the old political adage, "Whither are you drifting?" Next thing we know an effort will be made to still further cripple the usefulness of our army by abolishing military hospitals at West Point, [Norristown Here said.]

THE PERFECT FIGURE.—To meet the requirements of a classic figure a lady should be 5 feet 4½ inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches waist, 9 in. from arm pit to waist; long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 31 inches about the bust, 26½ about the waist, 35 over the hips, 12½ inches around the ball of the arm and 6½ inches wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small—Popular Science Monthly.

W. H. HIGGINS

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

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Salesmen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

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FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivalled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

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DEALERS IN—
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

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Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.



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A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware room opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Road Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

DOCTOR GEORGE.

[L. L. Harbour in Boston Examiner.]

About the only earthly possession of any value George Hixon had on his 25th birthday was a handsome diploma of parchment tied up with a blue ribbon. The diploma was from a medical college of very high standing, and George had worked hard and faithfully for four long years for that diploma. That he deserved it made it a valuable possession.

He had with it a good deal of capital in the shape of courage, enthusiasm, faith in himself and the world. He was honest, manly and patient, and could begin life at the right end of the ladder. He was so poor that he had to walk part way from the college to his old home, the village of Sharon. The first man he met at the end of his tiresome journey was old Enoch Lampson, a man who had known George from the day of his birth.

"How do do, George, how do do? Home again, eh?" was the old man's greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied George, "home to stay this time."

"So yer a full-fledged pillmaker, an' ready to go into partnership with old Billy, our graveyard sexton, hey?" asked the old man, with poor wit.

George felt disposed to resent this, but he did not.

"You don't cal'late on settin' down here in Sharon, do ye?" continued old Enoch.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Wal, now, I dunno—I dunno 'bout that, George."

"Why shouldn't I begin here?" asked the young man; "I hear that Dr. Elmonds has died lately, and no one has yet come to take his place. Why should I not do so? I am young—"

"That's hit, George! that's hit!" interrupted old Enoch; "yer too young; that's just what the shoe pinches. Leave-wise, that's one place whar hit pinches. 'Nuther thing is that—that—"

The old man scratched his head in evident confusion. He looked keenly at the young man, whose face began to flush.

"Wal," resumed the old man, "you know as well as anybody, George, jist wat yer family connection is; you know that—"

"I know it so well that you need not take the trouble to enlighten me any further on the subject," replied the young man, very quickly; "I know to my sorrow that my father was a common drunkard, and that I am generally known as 'old Joe Hixon's son.' I know that my eldest brother followed in my father's footsteps and was killed in a drunken brawl in this town. My other brother has gone to the bad, too. But I know, and you know, too, Mr. Lampson, that my mother was a—"

ever lived through years of shame and suffering, to die at last of a broken heart."

"That's even so, George," admitted the old man. "I knowed yer mother when she was purty Mary Jackson, 'fore it was ever her misfortune to know yer reprobate father, an' she was, as you say, as good a woman as ever drawn breath; but hit's yer father's name you've got, an' the name of Hixon don't stan' very high in these parts. But I'll say for you, George, that I hain't a word to say agin yer personally an' individually. I am free ter say an' believe that yer of a mind ter do what's right, an' that you want to raise yer name far 'bove the 'Joem that's now on hit."

"I do want that," was the young man's earnest reply; "and it's strange if I, a Christian people of this town refuse to give me help and encouragement. My own record here is clear; I am not ashamed to have it read. Of course, I am young, and most people are a little afraid of young physicians; but all physicians were once young, and I must have a beginning, you know."

"Now, I have studied faithfully, carefully, even prayerfully, for four long years. I have spent every dollar I had educating myself. No one knows of the deprivations I have had to suffer for this," and he held up his diploma as he spoke.

"I have earned it," he went on; "it is my own by right of four years of hard study. Of course, I know that this opposition I will probably meet with in the beginning, I am young; I know more of theory than of practice so far. But there are several reasons why I want to locate here in my boyhood home. I am bound to win in the end; you will see that I do."

"Wal, George, I hain't a thing agin' you myself. I wish you well as far as I'm concerned. Yer good, an' I'm glad to see that that streak in you when you was a little youngster. But I jist made up my mind that I'd tell you fair an' square what the chances wuz for an' agin' you here."

"I am greatly obliged, I'm sure," said George, "out I was prepared for all you have told me. I feel that I shall succeed in the end. 'Gummit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' There is the foundation of my faith and courage, Mr. Lampson. I have often proven the truth of that most helpful and most blessed promise. It gives me courage and confidence now. I know it will not fail me."

But there were many days and weeks and months after that poor George's courage and confidence failed him.

Old Enoch had truthfully said:

"Dr. George will have a hard row to dig."

He had, indeed. The name of Hixon was a bad name in and around Sharon. The people were prejudiced against the poor yezeze fellow, although they could not but admit that his own character was above reproach. They had known him from his baby days up, and it did not "seem natural" to call him "Dr. Hixon." And he was so proud of that hard-earned title.

Those who used it at all call him "Dr. George," that took away half the dignity for him, and was a familiarity he resented in secret, although he dare not do so openly. Once called him "Dr.," and that was simply talking to the high-strung young man. He was daily hurt by the covert or open sneers. Even children ridiculed him and his new title.

Could anything be more exasperating than to have a crowd of ill-bred urchins assemble in front of his poor, shabby little office, while one of their number sung out:

Doctor, doctor, kin you tell me what will make a sick man well? Grasse his heels and tar his nose, And that will do, I suppose.

The doctor's office was a shabby little affair, and he was quite too poor to make it better. It had no carpet, no pictures, nothing but a cheap desk, a chair or two, and the few old but valuable books which composed the doctor's library. Appearance gave a good way toward a physician's success or failure, no matter how greatly we may affect to underrate them. He should be well dressed. A shabby man can never assume a very dignified appearance. His office should be neat and inviting. It augurs ill for the amount of a man's practice if his office is as shabby as poor Dr. George's was.

If the young fellow could only have had a chance. But there were the people sending ten notes to K—, a neighboring town, for Dr. Graves, who could ride over in his carriage and count their pulse-beats by a magnanimous gold watch. His clothes were of the best and tailor-made, and he had a graduated diploma from the college of which Dr. George's diploma had come. His father had been a moderate fortune, and he could begin his career in a manner becoming a physician.

And then George had to sit in his dreary

office, in his frayed and patched garments, waiting for the patients that would not come, while Dr. Graves went driving by day after day. Every few days the disturbed and dejected young doctor heard the sound of a wheel coming to Sharon, and the village paper openly published in its columns that "An experienced and competent physician will do well to locate in Sharon."

After that Dr. George thought he would really have to seek a new field of labor, and in deepest despondency he feared that he had perhaps relied too much on the promise that had so long encouraged and consoled him.

But he read another promise, solemn and sweet, to his troubled heart:

"I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

"It will all come right in the end," he said; but the end seemed so far away.

He would only be "old Joe Hixon's son" to these people all the days of his life. There was no end to that shame and sorrow. The sins of a drunken and depraved father were visited upon the head of a son who was deserving of the world's honor and esteem. He had risen above them into the day of beauty and glory of a pure and noble man.

Through shame and sorrow, discouragement and poverty, he had struggled up to a higher and better life, and yet the good people of Sharon daily made him look backward to the life he had left. And no friendly hand was stretched forth to help him onward.

"It is really surprising to see the assurance 'old Joe Hixon's son' displays," said Mrs. Col. Giddings, the wealthiest woman in Sharon, "with his antecedents, to set himself up for our physician."

How many of us can look back through the ages to ancestors in whom there was no guile and for whom we not blush?

During six months Dr. George had but two patients. One of them was a boy who had cut his finger badly, and the other was a child with the colic. He had not, however, wasted his time. He had studied and learned much.

But at last he made up his mind to go out west. Hope had died out in his heart. The people of Sharon were determined to ignore him. He could not succeed there. He need not be "old Joe Hixon's son" among strangers.

But there were those precious promises:

"They will be fulfilled yet, in the Lord's own time and place," he said cheerfully.

"He probably means that I shall go away from here to something better than I have dared to hope for."

So he made ready to go. The home of his childhood was dear to him, and he was fond of the familiar faces even if they were not always kindly. He had always felt timid about going among total strangers. But his poor little trunk was packed, and he had gone around saying good-bye to the few friends who dared to say good-bye to him. He intended going on Tuesday.

On Monday afternoon a little tow-headed boy met him on the street.

"Say you, Dr. George," he said, "my ma wants you to come up to our house and see if there's anything the matter with our Tommy; 'cause if there is ma wants to send for Dr. Graves."

The insulting message made the blood fairly tingle in the young doctor's veins. But the next moment he laughed.

"No, it won't matter," he said; "I'll go. It will help me to say truthfully that I've had some practice."

Tommy was the very urchin who had sung the hateful doggerel before Dr. George's office.

The young physician examined the boy carefully; then he said:

"Well, Tommy, my boy, it will take something more than grease on your heels and tar on your nose to make you well; you have the small-pox."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy's mother, sharply; "I don't believe you know small-pox from the measles. I'll send for Dr. Graves right off."

"Very well, madame," said Dr. George, politely bowing himself out.

But late that evening Tommy's mother came crying to Dr. George.

"Dr. Graves wouldn't come," she said; "he was going to, but when he heard it looked like small-pox with Tommy he said he wasn't well, and just sent some medicine that ain't done him a bit of good. If you would come up, sir!"

It was the first time he had been addressed as "sir" for many a day.

"Of course I will go," he said.

That was the beginning of Dr. George's practice in Sharon. Within ten days there were fourteen cases of small-pox. The annual of the little town contain a record of how it was scourged by that fearful disease. Before the end came there were one or more cases in nearly every house. The means taken to prevent the spread of the disease had proved ineffectual. At last the town was quarantined.

When Dr. Graves was sent for a second time it was discovered that he had suddenly been called away "on business." He stayed away all winter.

Dr. George went back to his empty office after seeing Tommy a second time. He unpacked his little trunk, lighted a candle, and began to read a certain medical work. He read until midnight, until 1, 2, 3 o'clock, until the dawn of day, that found him on his benched knees, prayerful, and even tearful. He felt that there had been given him work to do—that a change was coming in his life. He opened his well-worn little Bible and read:

"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee," and he again read: "Be strong, and again I say, be strong."

And he was strong.

His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.

He became a tower of strength to those stricken people. He was doctor, nurse, comforter—more than he thought he ever should be to suffering creatures.

His success with Tommy was assured within a few days, and others came eagerly after him. His skill in battling the disease was wonderful. Had he not the heavenly help? There were few deaths, and many people came forth, their fair and blooming cheeks unmarked by the dread disease.

Mrs. Col. Giddings' beautiful daughter was stricken down while making preparations to fly from the town.

Mrs. Giddings' own carriage came for old Joe Hixon's son. His contaminated presence was in her splendid parlors and in her daughter's dainty room. His skill and careful watching brought her beautiful daughter forth with all of her girl's loveliness unharmed.

He had hardly time to eat or sleep for many days. His very presence gave hope and courage to the suffering. He escaped the contagion, but when his last case was dismissed he was utterly exhausted, and quietly left the village for a week or two of rest. When he returned his heart sank within him. In the window of one of the handsomest office-rooms in the town he saw the word "Physician" in great letters of gold.

Humble curtains were before the window. Everything indicated that the newcomer had been a successful man. He hardly dared to read the name on the door. When he did he read:

"Dr. George H. Hixon."

"Go long in an' see how you like it," said old Enoch Lampson, who stood grinning on the pavement.

The amazed young doctor opened the door

—The private home of Queen Victoria is in London, 250,000,00.

and went into a beautiful office. A handsome carpet and rugs covered the floor, walnut and mahogany chairs with velvet and plush cushions were in corners, a mahogany table and secretary stood in the room, pictures and ornaments were on the wall, books filled a walnut bookcase with a silken curtain. Back of this pretty room was one for a private office, fitted up in the handsomest style.

"I—I—don't understand it," said Dr. George.

"Don't, hey?" queried old Enoch. "Wal, hit's a little s'prise fixed up fer you by Mrs. Col. Giddings an' the rest of us. 'Bout the hull town had a finger in hit. Hit's all yer own, an' all paid fer. I reckon you hain't lost nothin' by tru-tin' in the Lord. He giv'ly brings His promise to pass, you know."

THE COWARD.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Here is a regiment with its right flank resting on the woods—it's left in an open field near a group of haystacks. Three pieces of artillery in front have been playing into the line thickets half a mile away for the last ten minutes, but without provoking any reply.

Watch this man—this second lieutenant of Company "F." He is almost a giant in size. He has a fierce eye, a roaring voice, and a lion when he said that he was as brave as a lion. When the regiment swung into position and the battery opened he said to himself:

"How foolish in us to attack the enemy when he was seeking to retreat! This blunder will cost us many lives. Our fire will soon be returned, and it will be good-bye to half our regiment. I shall be one of the first to fall. If I was one of the rear-rank privates I'd give all the money I hope to ever have."

A three-fifty-two minutes pass away and the fire is not returned, the Coward begins to pluck up heart. He blusters at the men, tries to joke with the officer on the right, and says to himself:

"Equal! But this may turn out all right. We are in no danger thus far, and if the enemy retreats we shall share the credit. I must try and make everybody believe that I am disappointed because we have not been ordered to advance."

Boom—shriek—crash! Now the enemy opens fire in reply. They have six guns to answer three. In two minutes they have the range, and a shell kills or wounds five or six men. The Coward's cheek grows pale again, and he whispers:

"Great heavens! but we shall all be slaughtered! Why don't the colonel order us to retire! Why are men sent here to be shot down in this way! What a fool I was not to go on the sick-list last night! If it wasn't that so many are looking at me I'd lie down to escape the fire."

Another shell—a third—fourth—fifth, and thirty or forty men have been killed. Men won't stand that long. They must either retreat or advance.

"We shall advance!" whispers the Coward. "The order will come to dash forward and take those guns. Shot and shell and grape will leave none of us alive. What folly to advance! I hope I may be slightly wounded, so that I shall have an excuse for seeking cover in some of these ditches."

An aide rides up to the colonel and gives an order. The colonel rides to the head of his line and orders the line dressed for advance. The men dress under the hot fire, and the Coward groans aloud:

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

The lines dash forward into the smoke—the enemy's fire grows more rapid—the dead and wounded strew the ground. Where and what of the Coward? Three days later the colonel's report will read:

I desire to make special mention of the case of Lieut. ——. As the regiment advanced the captain and first lieutenant of company "F" were killed by the same shell, leaving the second lieutenant in command. He was equal to the emergency. Springing to the head of the company, he encouraged the men for a moment and then led them straight at the guns, two pieces of which were captured by the company.

A month later the Coward was a captain.

The Greyhounds of the Sea.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

The owners of foreign steamship lines running to New York are generally losing money. They were induced by competition among themselves to build very large and swift vessels, which used up immense quantities of coal. The Umbria and Etruria have a length of 520 feet and a breadth of 57 feet 3 inches. The depth is 41 feet. These and other steamers somewhat smaller, make wonderfully swift voyages, but there have not been so many passengers recently as in former years, and the expense being greater, the stockholders have to go without dividends.

The City of Oregon has made the quickest passage out and home which occupied 12 days, 4 hours and 19 minutes, an average of 18½ knots an hour, or 21.4 statute miles an hour. The Etruria has steamed at the rate of 19.6 knots an hour, and for a time made 20.3 knots an hour. This was exactly 21 statute miles an hour. It is not likely that for some years to come this will be surpassed in ocean traffic. Had these "greyhounds of the sea" been profitable, the competition would have been continued, and the time between New York and Liverpool probably reduced to five days.

The Story of the Nubias.

[Sir Samuel White Baker in London Times.]

All are dead—withered upon the desert sands—friends, foes, the harmless camels; and with them agriculture, commerce, progress. The two great centers of opposing forces have played their part, and have vanished from the stage; Gordon, the British hero, has been quickly followed by his conqueror, the Mahdi. The Gialoutine empire is dead; Egypt is bankrupt; the British forces, in full retreat, have abandoned Suakin; while a few are left to frizzle in Suakin. O man! Dig a telescope the departure of our ship.

How Germs Get in the Lungs.

[Dr. Curtis.]

In the ordinary healthy lungs, perhaps even in persons who have a consumptive heredity, the germ which causes the breakdown of the lung may not be able to make an impression; but if the physical integrity is destroyed by poor food, or any debilitating influence, or by a cold, then the germ is able to get in its work, and to multiply and produce its kind, and fill the lungs with tubercles.

The Best Milk-Can.

[The Current.]

Agricultural societies in Germany have offered a liberal prize for the best milk-can adapted to railroad transportation. It is to be hoped the inventors will at least solve the problem of keeping the exterior of the cans clean and neat in appearance. A group of milk-cans now in use, waiting at a platform for a train, is not an inviting spectacle.

Cato: He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

Please examine the label on which your name is printed and read it the amount you owe if you are in arrears.

FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale my Farm of 125 Acres, midway between Turinville and McKinnon. It is in good condition, well improved, has brick house and all the necessary outbuildings. Apply to or address me at McKinnon, Ky.

W. A. HAMILTON.

FOR SALE!

A Desirable Farm Containing about 100 Acres of Good Land.

Nearly all in cultivation, situated on the Stanford and Lancaster or turnpike road, about 2 miles from Lancaster, Ky. Well improved. Will be sold privately. Any one in need of such a Farm can get the particulars by calling on J. Potter on the place or addressing the undersigned at Gilberts Creek, Lincoln county, Ky.

JOHN F. HOLZCLAUF, Agent for E. H. Adams's heirs.

SALE OF PERSONALTY.

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, on my premises near Hustonville, on

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26th, 1885,

All of my personal property, consisting in part as follows:

Twenty-two head of Cattle, 8 head of Horses, 25 head of Hogs, 10 head of Sheep, about 200 bushels of wheat, 32 Acres of Corn and Fodder in the field about 20 miles of Hay, 1 Wood Combined Reaper and Mower, 1 A-bion Seeder and Cultivator, 1 two-horse Wagon, 1 Spring Wagon, one Buggy and Harness, and other Farming Implements, also my Household and Kitchen Furniture.

Terms—All sums of \$10 and under, cash; over that amount, a credit of three months; notes with approved security required, bearing 6 per cent. interest per annum, negotiable and payable in the National Bank of Hustonville.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock A. M.

L. E. ADAMS.

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Cure Certain and Permanent. No Cure, No Pay.

Special Attention also Given to Chronic Kidney & Bladder Troubles.

As well as all Diseases peculiar to Women.

Charges moderate. Dr. N. can be consulted free of charge and will be found at his office at all times for the next three months.

By permission he refers to the following gentlemen: J. S. Bailey, G. A. Lackey, S. Irwin, Stanford, Ky.; Judge G. F. Lee, Tom Murphy, W. P. Temple, John M. Spoonamore, Sam Cook, Danville, Ky.; Rev. J. A. Bogie, Hustonville; H. O. Sutton, J. S. Robinson, Lancaster, Ky.; Thos. R. Walker, C. C. Christian, Kinkaid, Ky.; J. S. Johnson, Bryanville, Ky.; J. P. Daniel, McKinnon, Ky.; G. J. Bosley, Lebanon, Ky.; Geo. Lewis, Campbellsville, Ky.; A. A. McGinnis, Bowling Green, Ky.; Geo. Bolton, Judge J. W. Hughes, Harrodsburg, Ky.; C. C. Shumate, McAfee, Ky.

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Having opened up a lumber yard in the rear of our store, we are now

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In the rough. Posts of all kinds, Shingles cut, sawed and shaired. Also Agents for the Danville Planing Mills.

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FOOTE & WHEELER, Proprietors.

For all kinds of general Lumber, Shingles, &c., builders and others can not find a better market to suit themselves. Our motto is "Good Material for Reasonable Rates." Postoffice address, Halls Gap, Ky.

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